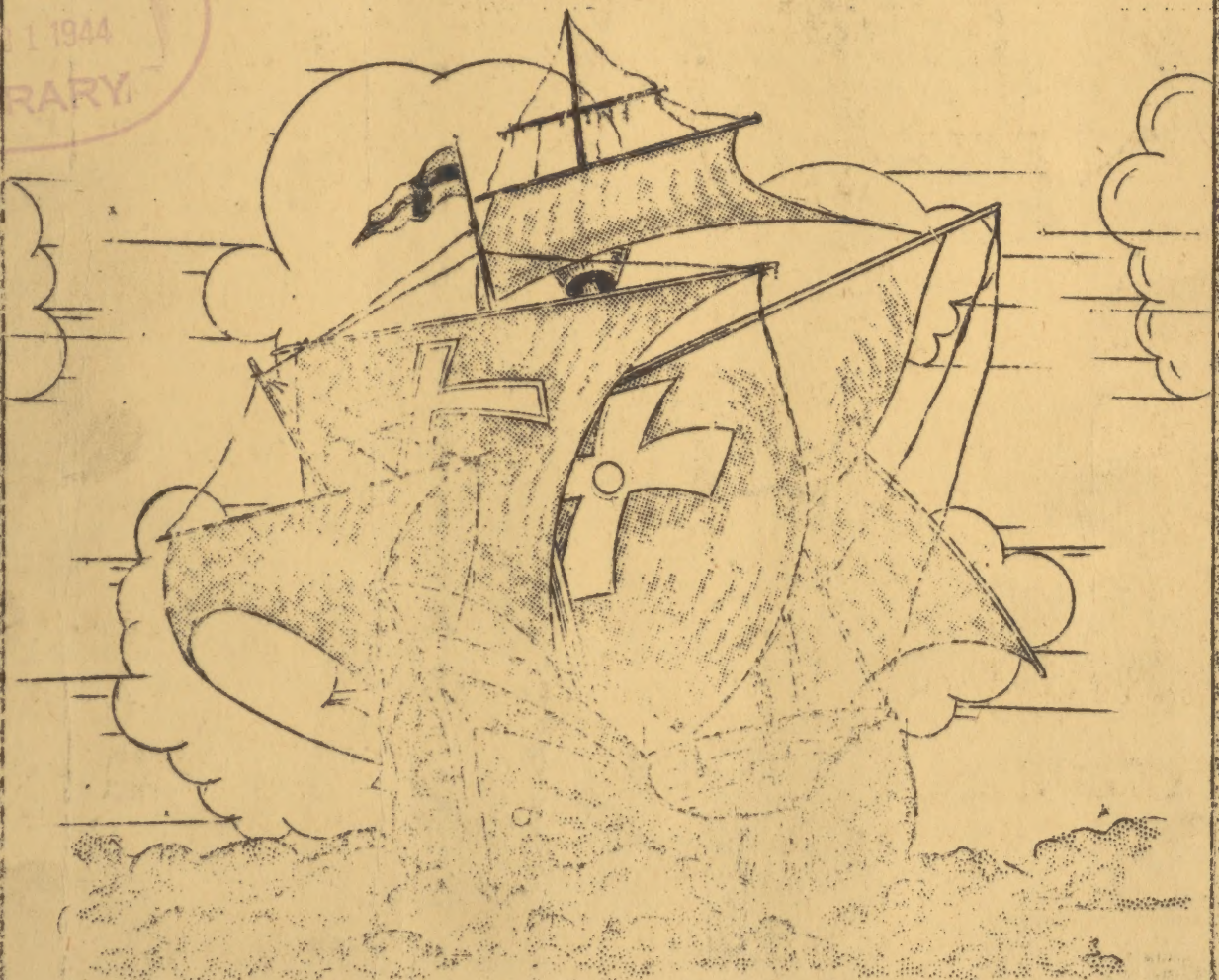


TILTON TALK

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TILTON TALK

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EDITORIAL

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A Democrat and a Republican have died.

Posterity will record the fact that in the week of October 1st two men died, one a Republican and the other a Democrat, and yet all the world will agree that two great Americans died leaving a deep void that humanity will feel acutely. For Alfred E. Smith and Wendell Willkie were both great humanists. Few of us can measure the scope and magnitude their loss has created.

Alfred E. Smith's life is the familiar story of the Lower East Side boy - the lad from the sidewalks of New York - who pulled himself up by his own bootstraps from a newsboy to a candidate for the Presidency of the United States. For four terms he served the people of New York officially as Governor of the state, and hundreds of thousands of times he served the people unofficially in his capacity as a citizen of the United States. Alfred Smith, without doubt, was a man of the people. His charitable acts, his liberal legislations, his simple, unaffected ways made him beloved by rich and poor alike. Thousands passed his bier at St. Patrick's Cathedral in humble grief, men and women of ever faith in every corner of the land paid homage to his memor

Alfred Smith was a Democrat. He was also a democrat.

Wendell Willkie's story is different, and yet to a certain degree it is the same. Mr. Willkie, too, was a self-made man who started from humble surroundings and worked his way from a law office in Indiana to a candidate for the Presidency of the United States. In a certain respect Mr. Willkie's death will be felt even more greatly than will that of Mr. Smith, though, because the former was still a young man in his early fifties at the time of his death.

Wendell Willkie's political life was a strange anomaly. When he was drafted by the Republican Party he was president of a large public utility, one of the bigger business men of the country with no political background. In the four short years after his defeat (he polled the largest number of votes ever received by a Republican despite his defeat), he grew steadily in stature by his great understanding and his relentless championing of human rights. He continued this crusade to the time of his death.

Alfred Smith and Wendell Willkie were soldiers of humanity. We, as soldiers of democracy, salute them both. Ave, atque vale!

THE GENERAL SPEAKS

(CNS)

The question of what shall be done with Germany is daily becoming a more pressing one as we move closer to V-Day in Europe. It has been discussed on round tables, at conferences, in newspapers, in private conversation, but still no official decision has been reached. Many people have aired their views, but none have been so instrumental in the achievement of V-Day as Gen. Eisenhower, who speaks from the military point of view.

In his first proclamation published on German soil Gen. Eisenhower indicated a "tough" but just rule for the portion of Germany to be occupied by our armed forces. "We come as conquerors but not as oppressors," the proclamation declared.

Eisenhower promised that Nazism and German militarism will be obliterated.

"We shall overthrow the Nazi rule," he stated, "dissolve the Nazi party and abolish the cruel, oppressive and discriminatory laws and institutions which the party has created. We shall eradicate that German militarism which has so often disrupted the peace of the world."

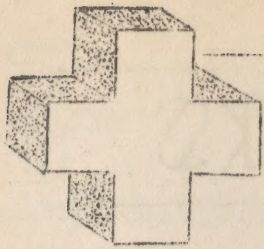
Speedy trial and punishment of military and party leaders, the Gestapo and others found guilty of crimes and atrocities also was promised.

Germans were warned to obey "immediately and without question" all the enactments and orders of the Allied military government. Resistance to Allied forces will be dealt with "severely" the proclamation declared.

All German courts and educational institutions in the occupied territory were ordered suspended and all officials were "charged with the duty of remaining at their posts until further orders." Included were "employees and workers of all public undertakings and utilities and all other persons engaged in essential work."

The proclamation followed by a few days an order of Lt. Gen. Courtney H. Hodges forbidding American 1st Army troops to fraternize with German civilians.

Three American MPs disappeared mysteriously near Rotgen, south of Aachen, in occupied Germany recently. Their jeep, which Capt. Lindsey Nelson, of Knoxville, Tennessee said was "shot to hell" was found by the road only two miles from the unit command post.



RED CROSS NEWS

Something NEW has been added to the Recreation Program in Red Cross House No. 1! Something NEW AND EXCITING! The Reconditioning men had a formal dance there Tuesday the 10th, with a band from Tilton, hostesses sponsored by the New Jersey State Elks, and food provided by the Mess Hall. The committee, composed entirely of Reconditioning men, decorated the hall and worked out all the plans to make the dance a red-letter occasion.

Reconditioning is really "in the groove" these days with something good to offer every minute of the day. The Red Cross staff is very happy to work with them to plan a more interesting program in the hospital. Our Gray Ladies are already enlisting to lead discussion groups under the direction of Major Irons on topics of current interest. Soon we hope to be helping with the Music Program which is being planned by Reconditioning.

You never know in what part of Hospital life Red Cross will pop up next. The patients in Surgical Section have recently been surprised to find Nurses Aides on their wards. These volunteers have been helping out in the Medical Section for some time, but this is a new departure for the other half of the hospital.

Another high light of the month was the show brought to both parts of the hospital by the American Theatre Wing on the twelfth. Bea (oomph!) Wayne was the star among several artists, and what a star! We plan to have more of these groups from New York in the future. Keep your eye open for them.

One of the nicest things that happened to us in the past couple of weeks was the invitation for 70 men to lunch and the show at the Shangri-La in Philadelphia. The outing ended with a supper at the Stage Door Canteen: Good Food, Good Fun, and Good-Looking Girls, too! Saturday the 14th marked the second game of the football season at Pennsylvania University. There is a standing invitation to the Tilton patients for all of Penn's home games. You don't want to miss something like that, so find out at any of the Red Cross Houses how you can sign up to go some Saturday. And please don't wait till Friday to do it, or there won't be room for you.

There are some new faces on our staff here. Miss Dorothy Pierce, Miss Lee Pockman, Miss Margaret Staffor, and Miss Margaret Twinam have just come to stay at Tilton. You'll like having them here, we're sure, as much as we do.

Remember always that, though we talk more about what's doing in the Rec. Hall, Red Cross is always ready and able to help you with your problems - anything from sending a telegram to loaning you money, from getting a pair of shoes mended to verifying for your Commanding Officer a new arrival in your family! That's all part of our job, and we are always glad to have you call on us.

PEACE, IT'S WONDERFUL

Let's hark to the beautiful days of yore,
To the beautiful days before the war;
To the days we'll know when the battle's done,
To the infinite days of civilian fun.....

I'm only a sarge in the Army now
My wage is a pittance, a laugh.
I wear my stripes, I give commands,
I talk to the riff and I talk to the raff..

But before the war - Oh-ho, my lad,
Now that was a different story.
I worked in a delicatessen shop
And covered myself with glory.

I swept the floor, I cleaned the shelves,
I stacked the wurst and salami;
I made up drinks and sandwiches,
I packed a mean pastrami.

I cleaned the stoves, I sliced the loaves,
I called for and delivered;
I pastrami'd and salami'd,
I bologna'd and I liver'd.

I worked a sixty hour week,
I sliced up cheese and ducks.
But every Friday afternoon
I got my sixteen bucks!

And now I'm just a sergeant
And I'm sweating out this war;
And I'm waiting for those beautiful days,
Those beautiful, beautiful days of yore.

By The Alfred Polka



QUACK QUACK

'Tis a big month for SY KATZ what with taking unto himself a wife and at the same time a change of station. Tilton was well represented at Syd's last supper which was held at the Waldorf with all the trimmings. From all accounts it was a bang-up affair even if STEVE MARTIN didn't get to deliver that speech he worked so hard on. We offer the following resume of Major Katz's varied career in hopes that it may serve as a model, or a warning to those of you who are still in a state of single bliss:

Way back in '41 a certain surgeon to Tilton came
All set to slice for himself in Surgery a name.
Tilton then was but a Ward at the Station - no less
Where trays were delivered to "General Tilton" with much finesse.
The only hired help was a fellow - "George" by name
Who each day wakened the C.O. at six to ask the time of the same.
There were plenty of "cases" - but not what you'd think-
The only kind Sy could conjure up were the kind to drink.
But Seymour didn't have long to wait for work to be done,
The Colonel decided it was time we had a Club-which made Katz first run.
Of this first seribus case, Dr. Katz did not complain
He delivered to Tilton a Club with very little pain.
Nothing was too good for us - everything was of the best
Where the money was coming from never kept Sy from his rest.
The books he carried in his pocket often weren't so hot
And our spiritus fermentus was missing quite a lot.
But we all loved our Club - the old "fire trap"
And thanks to Sy we were at last on the map.
When our family grew so large that our Club grew too small
It didn't faze Sy one bit; he dug up the "wherewithal"
To erect an edifice that was the pride of the Station -
It was nothing for Sy - just a routine operation.
Many shows he put on - rehearsed and impromptu
They were fun for Sy and for those who took part, too.
He brought entertainment to Tilton for the well and for the sick
Besides this extra curricular into many bellies he did dip.
For the time even came when Sy did get to cut
He had a hand in it all - from a verruca to a gut.
As the years slipped by we began to wonder and to shake our head
Over the strange fact that Sy had never wed.
For one by one the gals snatched our bachelors away
But they couldn't entice our Seymour - he continued single but gay.
Yes, he stood aloof, no girl would ensnare him,
He'd never be the victim of a female's whim.
He knew too much about women to ever get stuck
But somewhere along the line our Sy ran amuck.
For the fellows all gathered one night - with a gleam in their eye
To honor a bridegroom - and that bridegroom was SY!
So let's All drink a toast to the gal who has won
It won't be the Japs that will have Sy on the run!

Tilton was honored last week by a visit from "the dope" - AL FREDIANI - fresh from bivouac in the southland. It seems that Freddie had a little trouble with his pup tent - his feet were too big. It was good to see you "Juice". It's just not the same without you.

October 9th Colonel and Mrs. Turnbull celebrated their 32nd year together, their fourth Tilton celebration. AL MILLER came into his own again as m.c. (FREDIANI absent m.c.ing for U.S Army troops somewhere in the U.S. and SY KATZ being m.c. to his bride). The blessing was delivered by STEVE MARTIN for variety, and just for a change the ladies got a chance to talk.....on their feet. ROSEMARY FREDIANI commented that she had waited for over three years for such an opportunity and then words failed her. BETTY MUNNIKHUYSEN spoke on being an Army brat but strictly Navy at heart. MRS. TURNBULL said a few words to all her "children" both present and those who have gone on. BETTE ALTER confirmed the fact that the diamond on her left hand meant that her name would soon be altered to Press, and the COLONEL settled the question of requests for leave because of "urgent personal business" - now all requests should read "monkey business." HAL HERMANN left after the first course to address a meeting of the Gray Ladies (subject censored) while the CASSITY'S arrived in time for the dessert course, having gotten lost between the Club and the Mess. STEVE MARTIN got a chance to give his speech prepared for Sy Katz's bachelor dinner but tore it up in disgust as the Colonel presented him with a flower which he held on to this time. Cards, music and singing followed at the Officers Lounge where a phone call was received from Sy Katz and his bride who wished both the Colonel and his wife a happy anniversary and to inform everyone that they had been on the beach!

News has been received from BUD TURNBULL that he is starting in OCS this week. Good-luck, Bud, we can't call you Jeep anymore!

Back from the wilds of the Pacific is CAPTAIN ERNEST NEWMAN. Remember Ernie from X-Ray who left way back in 1942 with the first group to leave Tilton for overseas? WOODY has a strained expression - could his ex-protege be a replacement?

Someone new is "imaging"
One of our favorite couples, too
When they give me permission
I'll pronto tell you WHO!

"Doc" Duck

WACTUAL FACTS

By TEC 5 PEARL JACKSON

Dear Herbert,

Events which have transpired here at Tilton since our last issue have been predominantly of a romantic nature, I'm happy to tell. Love is so sweet in the springtime, and absolutely saccharine in the fall. (Winter and summer have their points too, but leave me not digress.) I shall now attempt to prove my contention that there's something in the crisp October air that lends itself to the tender passion. We have on the program engagements, nuptials, anniversaries, et al, and I'll list them in order of rank, for want of a better way. OK, Herbert?

Col. and Mrs. Turnbull celebrated their 32nd wedding anniversary with a get-together at Officers' Club. No, Herbert, I didn't attend the gathering. I was all tied up with the Dumbarton Oaks affair at the time. Upon my return I found that Major Seymour Katz had gone and done it in New York City, with Chaplain Sherman officiating, and shortly thereafter the Major left for points west. Yes, it is a pity.

You could have knocked me down with a crow-bar, Herbert, when my agents informed me that Capts. Alter and Press have made their engagement official. Our Captain is sporting a beautiful sparkler, and just beams all over the place. No, Herbert, I'm not trying to put any ideas into your noggin.

On October 6th Liz Cannon and Ralph Latour became one in Trenton. They'd been seen around together occasionally, you know, so nobody was surprised. And you'll be dizzy with joy to learn that Doris Martin is back from Ogleshorpe. Jack Clougher again finds that life can be beautiful. Bless their hearts.

Here's a little item to make you palpitate. Sgt. DeJohn, of our Texas contingent, and S/Sgt Howard Allwine of Harrison City, Pa., have announced their engagement. Howard was a member of the 9th Infantry Division, which took part in the Normandy invasion, and now he has invaded our Johnnie's affections. She's looking even sweeter than usual these days, and readily admits that she's "the luckiest girl in the world". It seems Sgt. Allwine is boasting to his pals that he's going to make a Yankee out of a Rebel, and we wish them both the very best of everything, cause they're such nice people.

Oh Herbert, I mustn't forget to tell you that T/5 Leonard Cramer is losing his eligible bachelor status on October 22nd. He's being hitched in Brooklyn to a gal he knew way back before the war. I promised to try to console Albert, the twin, for I used to be a Girl Scout.

Don't quote me, Herbert, but inside sources have it that Rita Racine will shortly exchange I do's with Sgt. Ralph Boyers. He used to be a Tiltonite, you know, before he was transferred to Fort Lewis, Washington, but he and Rita have discovered that distance lends enchantment. This is strictly between us, and please don't mention it to a soul, for I promised Rita I'd make like a Sphinx.

You'll never guess who was seen at the Stacey-Trent recently with THREE women! Yes, THREE—like in Schaefer's. None other than Tyrone Polikoff, the little rascal, and keeping the entire trio happy. Speaking of happiness, something tells me the bug has bitten Ronnie Timer, too, for the latrine resounds

(WActual Facts-Cont.)

with "Flopsy's" singing, even on Monday mornings.

The other night as I sat in the P.X. sipping a lily cup or two of brew, my thoughts dwelling upon the loveliness of you, Herbert, what sight should loom before my incredulous eyes but the quaint duet of Bettie Young and Gil Corwin. At the moment they caught my gaze, Bettie was planting a moist kiss upon the velvet cheek of the good Sgt., and his expression was ecstatic, to put it mildly. GEE.

You remember Jessie Guenther, don't you? She's the red-head at Information Desk, who steers you straight. Well, Herbert, Jessie seems to be making time these days with Joe Avella of the Guard Force. A captivating pair.

Larry Becker is taking moving pictures now, and a few of us were invited into his dark-room for a preview. (I said a few of us, Herbert, so don't go getting your dander up. I was well chaperoned.) The high-light of the film was a candid shot of Ruby Morse and Casanova Bray caught on the ramp in a slightly affectionate pose,—that is, John's superior strength won out. Sgt. Larey was in the audience, and poor Ruby had a beastly job of explaining the situation.

You asked about Vince Clark in your last letter. Vince has been transferred to the Transportation Corps, and now labors over at the Railhead. Don't get around much anymore. And you'll be glad to hear that Willie Warne is out of the hospital. They decided not to operate, and Willie's as good as new.

As I watched Henry Rohlf's whiz by on his motorcycle, I thought of only one way to describe the scene—"Beauty in Action". That boy has all the grace of a young gazelle. Charlie the Fireman is still as friendly as ever. Yes, Herbert, Sgt. Schmidt still retires at the unearthly hour of 8 o'clock every evening. "Bed-Sores Schmidt" they call him.

Lt. George Hoffman of the Dental Clinic is filling some teeth for me, and it's the most pleasurable experience I've had in many a moon. I've been vigorously chewing salt-water taffy in an attempt to prolong the job. You'd never think I used to hate dentists. Remember how you always held my hand and whispered sweet nothings to me while they excavated?

Speaking of molars, a couple of jeeps from Reception Center turned up in Col. Turnbull's office last week, asking to see the Commanding Officer. When questioned by Captain Henon (who was also waiting to see the Colonel), it developed that one of the jeeps was suffering with a toothache, and wanted the Col. to give him some pills to alleviate the pain. P.S.: They settled for an interview with Major Hanna.

Dotty Manthorne inadvertently sent her very fanciest lace nightgown along with her bed-linens over to the sheet house last Wednesday morning, and I understand the boys who sort the linen had a hilarious time of it when they discovered the presence of the nightie. Clowned all over the place, much to poor Dottie's embarrassment. Nothing's sacred.

Our optimistic editor, Al Palca, put in a request for a 30-day furlough, and believe it or not, Herbert, it came back signed and approved,—by General Chang of the Chinese Army. Alpaca has decided to settle for a 3-day pass, like the sensible little guy he is.

By the way, we have a new Chaplain, Herbert. He's Major Charles H. Dever, and comes to us from Fort Monmouth, New Jersey. Chaplain Dever will be Senior Chaplain, replacing Ch. Frommshagen, who recently departed. We all extend a cordial welcome to Major Dever.

(Factual Facts-Cont.)

It's a darn good thing that social success isn't measured by the number of squats and push-ups we can execute. Oh Herbert, they had us all down on the floor in the day-room the other night, and I tried so hard, but couldn't give with even one measly push-up. Bernice Coy is the gal who excels in that dept.

Doris Massam and Larry Sorgatz have overseas orders, and we're going to miss them dreadfully. The Medical Supply Office won't be the same without Larry, and Capt. Loudon is already bemoaning the loss of his capable secretary. The list of overseas material grows shorter and shorter, Herbert. Thank Heaven you bake such delicious cookies.

The patients in the Reconditioning Barracks gave an awfully nice dance last Tuesday evening. The dance committee was headed by Sgt. Melillo, and under the direction of Lts. Walker and Dee. Jack Schwartzer and the TGH band supplied the music, the Rec Hall was beautifully decorated, refreshments satisfying, and several busloads of civilian gals in evening dresses kept the fellows charmed and captivated. A very successful affair, and more expected in the future.

Bob Yaeger is all broken up because he received only 99% on his recent Calculus examination. Mark my words, Bob's going places in this world. If you had half his brains and ambition, Herbert, you'd own that defense plant, not just water the lawn.

The reason why we see so little of Charlie Penird these days is that his wife and baby are in Trenton. I'll tell him you were asking for him. By the way, did you hear about the seasick man who invited a friend up to look at his retchings?

I can't send you any cigarettes because the P.X. only sells two packs at a time, and even personal friends of General Marshall can't buy a carton. If they could, I still wouldn't qualify. I'm definitely small-time stuff.

Yes, the war news looks very good, but that doesn't mean you should stop knitting that sweater for me. I'll make good use of it on the farm when I milk the cows at 4 A.M. We have heat in the barracks now, plenty of blankets, and all the food we want, so please stop worrying about me. I haven't been on K.P. for over a year, the Sgts. aren't as bad as Private Hargrove's, and they've even offered me a furlough. When I feel blue, I look for Sgt. Pels, who cheers me up with some philosophy, or ask Danny Crecca to tell me a story. He knows some pips. Occasionally I join Cpl. Moran in a malted. It's too bad you're 4F, Herbert. I think you'd get along fine in the Army.

Thanks for reminding me to send in my Election War Ballot. I'll see that nobody forgets. No, we're not allowed to wear campaign buttons. And Herbert, I'm simply amazed at some of the things you say. The idea of my asking for a raise! You just don't do that in the Army. First thing you know, I'd be having a consultation with Major Saxe. No, there aren't any loges in Post Theatres.

I'll give your regards to everyone like you asked. Be a good boy, Herbert, and look for me in the Victory Parade on Fifth Avenue.

Your ever-lovin'

Model T.

P.S. Little Trudy Bailey was a bride last Sunday!!!

BACK TO SCHOOL UNDER GI BILL

(C.N.S.)

Educational opportunities for returning servicemen under the GI Bill of Rights (Public Law No. 346) are the most liberal in the nation's history—but the bill is by no means a " gravy train". A study of its provisions reveals that only serious-minded students who demonstrate the requisite industry and capacity for learning will be able to take full advantage of the educational benefits.

Any ex-serviceman (including Regular Army men) can get at least a year's education or training—or its equivalent in continuous part-time study—at government expense at any approved educational or training institution, provided:

1. He is discharged or released from the military or naval service under conditions other than dishonorable.

2. He has served in the active military or naval service for at least 90 days between Sept. 16, 1940 and the end of the war, or is released from active service by reason of an actual service incurred disability or injury.

3. He has had his education "impaired, delayed or interrupted" by reason of his entrance into service, or desires a refresher or retraining course.

A serviceman who was not over 25 years of age at the time he entered the service will be deemed to have had his education or training interrupted and need not prove it. Servicemen who were more than 25 when they entered the service also are entitled to a year's free schooling or training under a recent ruling by the Administrator of Veterans' Affairs. But if they want more than a year of schooling, they must present satisfactory evidence that their education was interrupted by their military service.

The serviceman must begin the course or training within two years of his discharge, or within two years after the end of the war, whichever date is later. And the entire program will be wound up within seven years after the end of the war with no course or training afforded beyond that date.

These are the minimum benefits which any ex-serviceman who qualifies can obtain. However, in order to receive additional government-financed education, he must demonstrate industry and capacity for learning by satisfactorily completing that first year's course of training or education according to the regularly prescribed standards and practices of the institution he elects to attend. He then will qualify for an additional period or periods of education or training not to exceed the time spent in active military service between Sept. 16, 1940 and the end of the war, and in no case to exceed four years of total training. (Refresher or retraining courses will be limited to one year or less.)

At any time after the first year, government financing of his education may be discontinued if the Administrator of Veterans' Affairs finds his progress or conduct unsatisfactory according to the standards and practice of the institution he is attending. For qualified ex-servicemen, the government will undertake to pay costs of tuition, library, laboratory, health, infirmary, and other similar fees up to \$500 for an ordinary school year. A subsistence allowance of \$50 per month for an ex-serviceman without dependents, and \$75 a month for one with dependents, also will be paid.

WHISPERS

S/Sgt. Eddie Judge

WELCOME HOME DEPARTMENT:--- To Danny Valieri, back with us again after being overseas....Dan was one of the original men assigned to Tilton when it was in the first stages of construction, and now that he is re-assigned to TGH, it is, he tells us, with a deep feeling of nostalgia that he can truthfully say he is "back home again"....To all of the "Old Guard" who are on our mailing list in far-away places, it might interest y'all to know that Danny was with some of the fellers over there, such as Johnny the Jap, Art Durett, and our beloved Padre', Chaplain Patrick Fay.... All of 'em are well, and Chaplain Fay always has a copy of Tilton Talk on his desk for any one from Tilton who might drop in....

What goes on here??....Seems like there's an "epidemic" of blessed events!.... On October 7th Charlie Puglisi was handing out cigars to one and all to celebrate the birth of a baby girl at 8:21 PM.... O, yes, weight 6 pounds 13½ ounces....On October 9th Bob Ott handed a cigar right back to Charlie.... To celebrate the debut of his daughter, born that day.... No statistics on Bob's baby yet....

Talk about the "Luck of the Irish"!....Get a load of this!....Jack Schwartzner was in New York one Saturday night recently, and was invited to a Dinner and Dance by a well known fur firm....Toward the end of the evening he was asked, along with several other G.I.'s to step up to the platform....Much to Jack's surprise the head of the firm presented ALL of them with a \$200.00 War Bond!....Sunday he went to the Capitol Theatre and again was called up on the stage and presented with a prize in a Quiz Contest!....

Red Face this time, and not bows....From this column of August 1st: "Is that a romance brewing between Liz Cannon and Floyd Spencer?".... Liz became Mrs. Ralph Latour Friday, October 6th, in Trenton....Podden me, folks, and congratulations....

This is a direct quote from Charlotte Breiner: "Whether he makes eyes at this one in the corridor or that one on the Ramp, who cares?"....(Are ya' readin', "Casanova"??)....

Harriet Levin and what well-known cartoonist are "that way" about each other?....

Maybe you've read this in the newspapers, but it is with a deep feeling of pride that we tell you about a former member of this Detachment, known to all of us as "Dodo" Dutko....Pfc. John W.Dutko was posthumously awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor on October 8th. Single handedly Dutko killed 11 Germans who were manning an 88-mm. cannon and three machine guns on the Anzio beach-head in Italy May 23rd, and then fell dead himself over the bodies of the enemy....

WHISPERS.....
continued.

Sid Lillienberg came in for show money in the "Stork Derby";.....
A little Tarzan of 8 lbs. 1 oz.....On Columbus Day.....

The welcome mat is out again to the new Special Service Officer....
This time Lieutenant Paul C. Shebby.... The Lieutenant is a veteran of the China-Burma-India theatre, where he spent two years...In civilian life Lieutenant Shebby was a coach at several Universities, including the University of Scranton... A graduate of Northwestern, and, incidentally, lightweight boxing champ, we can be assured of a swell athletic set-up....Nice havin' ya' with us Lieutenant....

Johnny Clougher is walkin' on clouds again since his bride -of-a-month Doris returned to TGH....Now they can start planning that house....

Get a load of Oscar Sarkis any night in the Gym, with Casey as coach, doing five miles on the stationary bike, and thirty (count 'em) pull-ups.... Getting in condition for what, Sarkis??....

Our Photogs, Larry Becker and Dan Crecca, are getting a Dark Room.... in the Day Room...You figure it out!....

What kind of corn is Al Pels "shucking" these days??.... His latest is a crack about waving his arms up and down and looking like the flag....

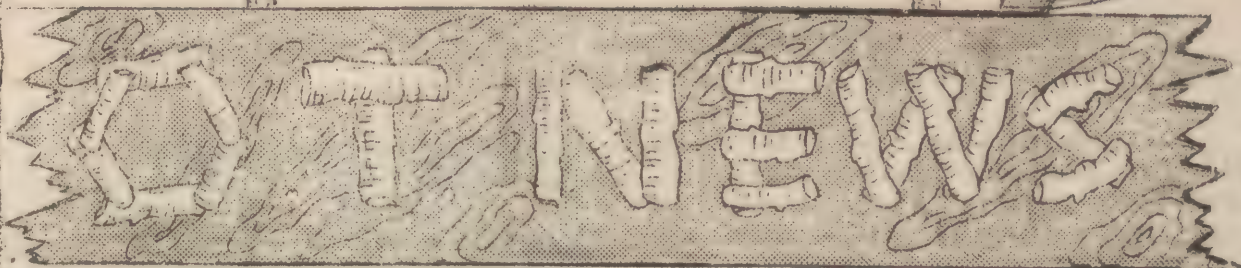
It is with a deep sense of losing a good friend that we bid good-bye to Captain Jack Messey.....Off to other climes, the best wishes of the entire Detachment go with you, Captain, and rest assured that there isn't a man here who wanted to see you go....

We don't believe it, but anything can happen, and when one hears that "Pop" Combs roller-skated to Trenton.....Well, could be!!....

Just as soon as possible, the bowling alleys will be ready for play in the Gym.....We acquired them through the efforts of Lt. Shebby from the Special Service Office at Fort Dix....Many thanks to Major Hartleroad there for his co-operation....

We are organizing two teams to enter in the League competition at Fort Dix basketball....Uniforms are on order now, with all the equipment ready for use, so turn out for this, fellers.....Lt. Shebby will coach and play with the teams.... See Sgt. Frame in the Surgical Section and Sgt. Jonak in the Medical Section for particulars..... Touch football is on the schedule also, so from where we sit it looks like a swell season....

Try to see the Revue coming to the Rec Hall on October 26th.....The name is "Happy Daze", and features an all-girl cast from Hollywood called "The Bombadears".....



O.T. NEWS

By. Pfc. E. H. Friedman

The saws, hammer, drills, etc., are pretty busy these days at the shop as a result of the new standards set up by the Reconditioning Program. Patients now receive hour-point credit for work at the shop and the response has been overwhelming. We welcome all these new faces and trust that the time they spend here will be enjoyable and creative.

The Shop is still open in the morning for Functional Occupational Therapy by appointment only, and in the afternoons for general craft work.

Two model 50 inch racing yachts are being constructed under Cpl. S. Phillips' watchful eye and skillful hand. Pvt. Joseph Levine and Cpl. Louis E. Moore are the builders.

Plans for these models were graciously donated by Mr. John Beach of Boston, Mass., who won the Olympics Championship in 1936. The builders are hopeful that their models may some day win a cup or two in some race. Keep at it, fellows, your chances are excellent.

The second mural for the Red Cross Recreation Hall is almost completed. It's another scene depicting activity at the Hospital and will add more color to the Rec. Hall.

Progress is being made on the workshop at the Annex. Tools and equipment are being procured and it is hoped that the shop will be functioning shortly.

The O.T. Staff was recently increased by another lovely young lady: Miss Nina Osovick, who was forced to leave England General Hospital because of the recent hurricane. She is a native of Vineland, N.J. and a swell representative of that lovely country. She is a graduate of Bucknell University and studied O.T. at the Philadelphia School of Occupational Therapy.

Too bad she is not assigned here permanently, as she's a wonderful gal and well liked by all.

Pages 13-14 missing

Most explanations of how draft boards work are variations on the "If you're warm you're in" theme. This one is a little more elaborate and novel. According to the latest physical examination procedure they hang an anatomy chart on the wall, and for every defect the recruit has they stick a pin in the corresponding place on the chart. When the board has finished they roll the chart up, run it through an old fashioned player piano, and if it plays "Nearer My God to Thee", they reject him.

ODDS and ENDS...How many of you enlisted men and women would be interested in using the facilities of Occupational Therapy during your evenings off? Well, keep your fingers crossed because it looks as though you're going to get that chance to putter around and do things. Arrangements are now being made to have O.T. open to you after work hours, and if they go through there should be an awful lot of talent and would-be talent expressing itself in wood, plastic, paint and what-you-will. Especially what-you-will... What has happened to ye ed's enthusiasm for Russian which blossomed in the spring but seems to have died since then. He goes in for football these days, and bears the scars of battle...

The GI busses have finally been labelled so that you don't have to ask every driver where he is going. But it seems that the man who cut the stencils for the signs has the same spelling quirk I have when I type. The Tilton bus is thusly marked: "TILTON GEN. HSOP."

ADVERTISEMENT: Will the enlisted man who came in to the Public Relations Office some weeks ago and asked us to save him a copy of the Baxter Bugle when it comes in, please come around and collect before the Bugle gets blown out with the rest of the papers some one of these fine mornings before inspection.

In the last issue Cpl. Jackson, who seems to be having a fit of spring fever, borrowed a favorite story of mine to run in her Wactual Facts column, so this time I am retaliating. Except that it's not really her story - she got it from Danny Crecca. It's about navels, too, but the twist is definitely different.

Three men were discussing those parts of their bodies which they considered most important. The first one said, "I think that my eyes are most important to me. I read a great deal, and without books and magazines I would be lost." The second man said, "My ears are most important. I listen to music a great deal. If I could never hear again all the great music that there is in the world, life wouldn't be worth living anymore." The third man put in his version, "I think that my navel is the most important part of me." "Your navel?" exclaimed both his friends. "For goodness' sake, why?" "Well, you see," he answered, "I like to eat celery in bed, and there's no place else I can put the salt."

SIDE LIGHTS

GI NABS 300 NAZIS AND 1 CIGAR SMOKER -
(France) - Sgt. Herbert Brammer, of Arlington, Texas, doesn't like Germans who smoke long black cigars. So, when he saw one near Brest, he knocked the cigar out of the guy's mouth and scared 300 other Nazis into a quick surrender. The other Krauts were walking behind the cigar smoker when Brammer showed up.

U.S. ARMY SETS UP CHINESE OFFICERS' SCHOOL - (China) - The U.S. Army in China has established a special General Staff School here for officers of the Chinese Expeditionary Force. The school is staffed by American officers whose lectures in English are translated in the classroom into Chinese.

MOTHER RIGS SON'S 'CHUTE - (Bergstrom Field, Texas) - When Lt. Sam Proffitt, AAF, reported here for duty the first person he ran into was his mother, WAC Pvt. Pearl Proffitt, a parachute rigger at this field. A day later Lt. Proffitt made his first flight from this base, wearing a parachute rigged by his mother.

WHO PUT OVERALLS IN MR. HITLER'S CHOWDER? - (London) - The Russians, according to reports received here, are getting a belly laugh out of some German papers they captured in Poland. The papers disclosed the Nazis' plans for an elaborate celebration at the capture of Moscow, which had been scheduled for 1941.

TOO BUSY TO READ, SO HE SKIPPED CAMP -
(Camp Upton, L.I.) - An ex-corporal, serving time in the Army's rehabilitation center here on an AWOL charge was asked why he skipped camp.

"Well," he explained, "I was a cook and I never did have time to read them Articles of War."

QM SENDS ICE CREAM MIXERS TO PACIFIC -
(Pacific) - The Quartermaster Corps now is shipping a lightweight, portable ice cream making outfit, which will produce 40 gallons of ice cream in 8 hours, to all theaters of operation in the Pacific. A tasty ice cream mix to which only water need be added, is shipped with the mixer.

JAP OFFICER WEARS U.S. DEFENSE RIBBON -
(New Guinea) - Pvt. Roy Templeton, of Rogersville, Tenn. stumbled into a bog hole. At the bottom lay a dead Jap officer. The officer had evidently been around. On his chest were many campaign ribbons - including the American Defense ribbon.

GI CHASES FERRY GOING WRONG WAY -
(New York) - A soldier dashed down from the dock toward the Weehauken ferry. With a desperate broad jump he spanned the three feet of water and landed on the deck.

"Wow," he exclaimed, "just made it, didn't I?"

"Made what?" a deckhand inquired. "This boat ain't leaving. It's just coming in."



Cluny Brown is, to our minds, a very interesting gal. Orphaned at a tender age, she grew up under the protective and somewhat apprehensive eye of her plumber uncle. Poor uncle had an anxious time of it because Cluny had ideas above her "station" - tea at the Ritz, a day in bed with nothing to eat or drink but orange juice and things of that sort. So it was a whale of a relief to him when he could finally gain her consent to her being shipped to the country as a "tall parlour maid." Of course, that was not her proper forte, but she gave it a fair and honest trial, at the same time being somewhat of a trial herself to those around her... If you are looking for a book that is amazing and has a haunting poignancy, CLUNY BROWN by Margery Sharp will hit the spot.

If you really aren't enjoying that grouch, there are other new books we could suggest to help lift you from the depths. Among them are: Ben Hecht's I Hate Actors, Will Cuppy's The Great Bustard and Other People, McCracken's Baby Flat-top, Shea's The Gals They Left Behind, and Laugh It Off, edited by Marione R. Derrickson.

For your more serious moments may we recommend:

The Rising Crescent: Turkey, Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow, by Ernest Jackh.

Approaches to world peace: A symposium. Edited by Lyman Bryson, Louis Finkelstein, and Robert M. MacIver.

What Manner of Man, by Noel F. Busch.

Dewey: American of This Century, by Stanley Walker.

Labor Baron: A Portrait of John L. Lewis, by James Wechsler.

Post-war Monetary Plans, by John H. Williams.

A History of Russia (new edition), by Sir Herbert Pares.

HERE & AND THERE AROUND TILTON

DID YOU BELONG? - If there is anybody in the hospital - patient, detachment man or officer - who was with Co. E, 47th Infantry, 9th Division, will he please get in touch with the Public Relations Office, 24250:

WEDDING BELLS - In a beautiful and elaborate ceremony held at Sherry's in New York, Major Seymour M. Katz and the former Miss Naomi Norek were married on Sunday, October 8 just after noon. The bride wore the traditional white with a train, but had no attendants. Seven of the ushers were fellow officers here of the Major's, while the eighth was from Fort Monmouth.

The ceremony, conducted by Chaplain Sherman, was followed by a dinner and reception.

The honeymoon whereabouts of the bridal couple, both of whom are New Yorkers, is a secret in the best military fashion.

HAVE YOUR PICTURE SKETCHED, SOLDIER? During the last week you may have noticed some of the patients in the hospital practicing their best smiles. That was for the benefit of Mrs. Wobus, who spent some time here doing portrait sketches of the boys as part of the U.S.O. program.

OF COURSE, IF YOU LIKE THAT SORT OF COMPANY - Personally, our tastes are slightly different.

On Thursday night, October 12, 1st Sergeant Marie Keppel, Wac Detachment No. 1, had a bed partner. Had his presence been known to the authorities there might have been some objections raised, but Sgt. Keppel managed to keep the matter quiet until the morning when she spoke about it quite openly and unabashedly.

There had been a field mouse in her bed all night.

MAY I HAVE THE HONOR OF THE NEXT DANCE? - On Tuesday night, October 10, the patients in the Reconditioning Barracks over at the Annex had themselves a formal dance in Rec. Hall No. 1, which was really something. The girls were all dressed in lovely long frocks, outside of Cpl. Jackson who represented the press and thought that coveralls were more appropriate, the food was wonderful - a huge buffet supper - and the music, by Sgt. Jack Schwartz's Tilton band, was divine. The dancing went on until 11:30, though there were a number of couples who sat some of it out in the library, which was conveniently close by. The party was arranged by Lts. Dee and Walker, with the cooperation of the New Jersey Elks Association, who brought the girls.



HILMOR

First son: "Father, I did something awful last night and I need ten thousand dollars or she'll sue."

Father: "It's a lot of money, but anything to save the family honor." (Makes out check.)

Second son: "Father, I got in trouble last night and I need ten thousand dollars or she'll sue."

Father: "It's all I've got in the world, but I guess anything is better than dragging down the family name." (Writes out check.)

Daughter: "Father, I did something dreadful last night...."

Father: "Ah, now we collect."

Pelican

Pfc: Why, man, I'm the Tac in Tacoma.

Cpl: Say, I'm the San in San Francisco.

Pfc: Where are you from, Sarge?

Sgt: Astoria.

Bomb-Bay Messenger

While driving in his jeep through a small town a soldier ran through an open air market. He accidentally knocked over a barrel of potatoes, a case of apples, some oranges and a few melons. He finally bounced to a stop in the middle of the block and looked back at the wreckage.

The merchant who had run out into the middle of the street, shouted to him: "Don't bother to back up. I'll kick the eggs over myself."

Hammond Rx

"Stand up," shouted the evangelist, "if you want to go to heaven."

Everybody stood up but one old man.

"Don't you want to go to heaven, my brother?" shouted the preacher.

"Sho," said the old man, "but Ah ain't going with no excursion."

Bruce Magazine

Mess Sgt: "You're not eating your fish. What's wrong with it?"

Soldier: "Oh, nothing, just long time no sea."

Brooke Bluebonnet

A City and a chorus girl

Are much alike it's true;

A city's built with outskirts,

And a chorus girl is too.

Bomb-Bay Messenger

OD: "How did the prisoner get away?"

Didn't you guard all the exits?

Cpl. of the Guard: "Yes, sir. He must have used one of the entrances."

Greenwood Gremlin

Having retaken a thousand yards or so in a local counter-attack, one baffled German commander said to another:

"What did I do right?"

Senator Soaper

"Mama," said little Johnny, "don't me ever go to heaven?"

"Why, of course, my dear. What makes you ask?"

"Because I never see any pictures of angels with whiskers."

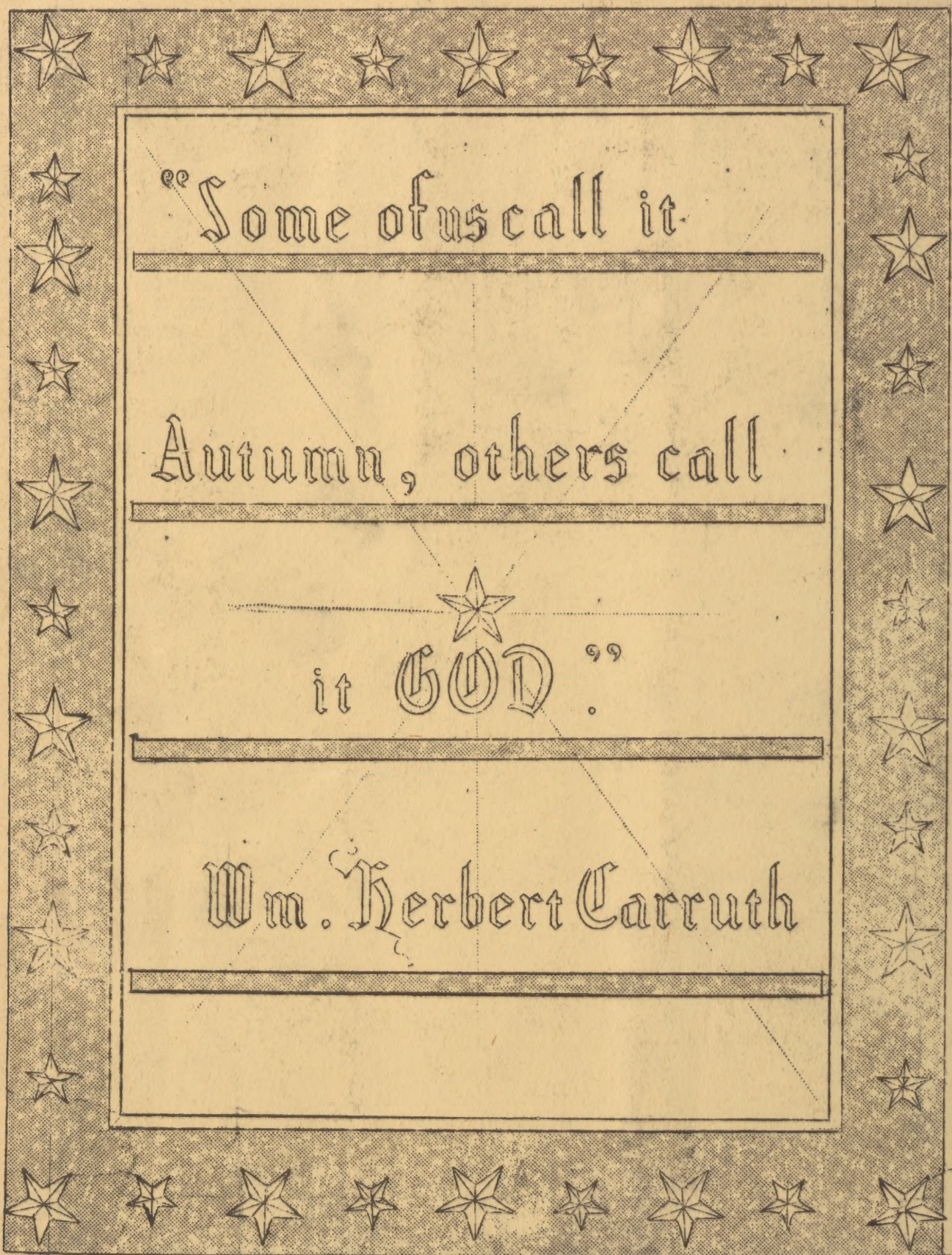
"Well," said the mother thoughtfully, "some men go to heaven, but they get there by a close shave."

Baxter Bugle

During the stay of a circus in a small Southern town there was a storm which caused the single elephant to stampede. Suddenly the constable received a call.

"Come out immediately," an excited voice said, "there's an animal in my garden pulling up my cabbage with his tail." "What's he doing with the cabbage?" "You wouldn't believe me if I told you," came back the answer.

Bomb-Bay Messenger

A decorative border of stars surrounds the central text. The stars are arranged in a rectangular frame, with some stars being larger and more prominent than others. The border is composed of a series of stars, some of which are five-pointed and others are six-pointed, creating a rhythmic pattern around the text.

"Some of us call it

Autumn, others call

it GOD."

Wm. Herbert Carruth
